JEAN ELIOT TELLS OF CURRENT SOCIETY

Events of Past and Coming Week Described in Gossipy great success in London at Covent Garden. Letter.

(Continued from Sixth Page.) for contrast, and on leaving slipped on apropos of her engagement to William a gorgeous wrap of sapphire blue, bro- Tupper Lightle, of the navy, which was with silver and chinchilla trim-

Stokowski a Marvel.

As for Mr. Stokowski, why, the man looks like a perfect boy close up! And when I think of the way he handles that great orchestra and the marvels he accomplishes, it makes me gasp. Said Miss Wilson to him: "You almost made making the same confesion myself.

the whitest and prettiest teeth I ever lighted. saw, and her face is charming and in-Her long, trailing gown of white had ter of white camelias,

Thrice a Bridesmaid.

It's a brave girl that dares defy the old warning, "three times a bridesmaid, never a bride." particularly with the three weddings slated for three consecutive months! This time it's Marie Peary, who re-

fuses to be dismayed at the greapect, calls attention to the fact that one need only be bridesmaid seven times to break the hoodoo. started the ball rolling by going

to New York early in February, to attendant at the marriage of Helen Kahle to Dr. Otto Pickhardt. The two girls met and became chums in Europe several years ago.

Then came the marriage of Dorothy Brooks and Henry Holcombe, with au its attendant festivities, and now, I unlerstand. Marie is to be in the wegging party when Doris Drain and Ned Hay are married on Easter Monday.

A Provincial Custom.

can remember teasing Genevieve Clark about the danger she was running being maid of honor for Dorothy Harvey and Marcellus Thompson-her third time-only to have her engagement to Jimmie Thomson announced immediately, with no pretence of waiting for the seventh time.

I have always thought, by the way, and am not alone in thinking, that Marie and Genevieve are ever so much alike, and the other day I saw in a photographer's window a lovely picture of Mrs. homson, for which Marie might equally well have sat.

But to return to our muttons. In New York Marie mildly suggested that the bridesmaids and ushers pair, off for the recessional instead of coming out, the men two by two, the girls two by two. as they went in. I can see nothing extraordinary in this procedure; it's the way we always work things here, and neither could Marie, but the bride was positively hurt at the suggestion.
"It would never do," she said, "at

east in New York, although no doubt it's all right as a provincial custom." Don't you love that?'

Did you know that she once spent a winter in Washington? This was before she became famous, before she went abroad to study, long before she was married. She belonged to our modest little Wagner study club, and every once in a while used to play for

We all recognized that she atood head and shoulders above the rest of us, but scarcely guessed the fame she would attain. I see, by the way, that she is to be the soloist at the first concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra next

Tuesday Evening Popular.

It is interesting to note en passant how popular Tuesday evening has become with dinner-giving hostesses since the selection of that evening for the White House musicales. This time the Polks had a dinner first for their Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Henry

St. George Tucker, who entertained for the Secretary of War. Mr. Baker, and had the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels among their guests; they turned up later-and late, of courseat the While House, while the Japanese Ambassador and Viscountess Chinda had a dinner for the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, who also turned up later—and late—at the musicale.

To Sing at White House.

A whisper has reached my ear that Mand Fay has been asked to sing at the White House on March 25, yes, the same Maud Fay who is to sing here in concert on April 6-her recital was postponed from an earlier date on account of illness-and the same Maud Fay who had such a "succes fou" in Munich.

She is a California girl, as handsome as she is talented, and since her return from abroad she has given two or three concerts in San Francisco, where she with an enthusiastic reception. Then came her debut in New York as Sieglinde in "Die Walkure."

e critics were kind to Miss Pay. giving her voice due mead of praise and uniting in acciaiming her beauty and her very prepossessing stage presence. 'New York may have listened to Sieg linde's, whose vocal equipment was of nore heroic outline," one of them said. "but it has never witnessed a more magnetic impersonation of the part." der voice is lovely and well trained in the Wagnerian style," said anotherbut of all this we're to have a chance

to judge for ourselves. Mrs. Eustis To Be at Piano.

To Washingtonians the recital has a double interest from the fact that Mrs. George Austis is to be at the piane. She and Miss Fay are old friendsthey saw a great deal of each other in Munich-and the singer has a wide acquaintance in Washington.

She is a close friend of Senator Pnelan and his rister; indeed, I think she is to stay with them during her visit here, and they have taken two boxes for the concert.

The President and Mrs. Wilson are among the box holders, likewise the German ambassador and Mr. and a. Endridge Jordan. Altogether It

would seem that the recital will be an

A little bird tells me, by the way, that Mise Fay is the original of the heroine of Gertrude Atherton's "Tower of Ivory." The scene is laid in Munich, you know, and in Munich the talented

inger held an enviable position. She sang at the Royal Opera for several years. was in high favor at court, on very friendly terms with the

Brilliant Girl to Wed.

announced yesterday.

A man once said to me: "May Power is one of the five or six girls in Washington who have any brains"-this

I refuse to subscribe to any such statement, but nevertheless, it is true that May is an unusually brilliant sirl. She was educated abroad and is a clever and cultivated linguist. Moveover, she thinks, and there are some girls who are too husy dancing to find time for such an occupation. For navy me cry this afternoon," and I felt like people it is naturally difficult to plan ahead, but it looks now as though Mr. Lightle would be stationed here for Mrs. Stokowski-Olga Samaroff-han another year, and May's friends are de-

And another engagement, Eloise resting, although she isn't a beauty. Orme's to Thomas Adams Robinson, of Haverford. Pn. Susan, Susan, all our for sole adornment a flowing crimson friends are getting married and it's scarf caught at the breast with a clustime you and I were doing semething about it. With this and my love, I'll bring my letter to a close.

Yours fendly, JEAN ELIOT.

New Toilet Preparations For Washington Women

Quite nee to Washington women are the methods and means for the enhancement of personal appearance which are being offered by Miss Jane Garland, who has located with Mrs. Dare at 1209 Connecticut avenue.

Miss Garland, who is an Englishwom an, has recently come to this city from London, and has made available for Washington women entirely new European methods of treatment for the skir

She has also made available her own special formulaes for toilet articles which, furnished under her own brand of "Jane Garland Preparations," not purchasable elsewhere.

With the Local Musicians

The Rubinstein Club, with Herndon Morsell directing, and Arthur D. Mayo, accompanist, will give its next concert on Wednesday evening in the ballroom of the Raleigh. The assisting artists will be George Dostal, the American lyric tenor, and Scipione Guidi, a noted Italian violinist. Mr. Destal will sing the aria. "Desetto in terra" (Don Sehastlano), Donizetti, and a group including "The Wind and the Lyre," "Ware; "April." Floridia: "Look Down, Dear Eyes," Fischer; "Life," Speaks, and "All Joy Be Thine,"

Speaks, and "All Joy Be Thine,"
Sanderson.
Signor Guidi will play Bazzini's
"Ronde des Lutins," and Fritz
Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois," and
"Tantourin Chinois."
The club will open its program
with "Cur Greeting," by the director
of the club, and present for the first
time "Andalusian Love Sons," Herman; "In the Boat," Her-man;
"Sweet and Low," Matthews;
"Amarylis," arranged by Edmund
Parlow; "At Twight," Frimi, and
"Roses in Madrid," Bransombe, The
club will celebrate its eighth annivernary with an informal dance immediately following the concert.

Music at St. Paul's Lutheran. The following musical program will be presented at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Eleventh and H streets, this evening at 8 o'clock: "O, Lord, Remember Me," Roma: "The Lost Chord," Sullivan: "Legende," Tschaikowski; "I Will Give You Rest." West, and "This I know."

Julian Brylawski will sing the inci-

The organ numbers will include "Evensons," Wedor; "Hymn Celeste." Grey; "Marche Celebre,"

Lochner.
Lochner.
Members of the choir are Mrs.
Members of the choir are Mrs.
Bertha Hansen Gottsman. Mrs.
Julian Brylawski, Leroy Gilder, and
Charles F. Roberts, with Mrs. William Hamilton Bayly at the organ.

At an entertainment at the Home for the Blind, 3050 R street. Wed-nesday evening. Miss Vera Hambly, the young Canadian soprano, sang "Think of Me Sometimes," an Eng-lish song quite new to Washing-tonians.

onians.

Other numbers on Miss Hambly's program were: "Entreaty." "Perfect Day. "My Drowsy Babe," "Land of Nod." "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling." and "It's Jest Her Way."

Miss Nancy Barbee, of Kentucky, gave several dialect selections.

Choral Society Concert. The Motet Choral Society, directed by tto T. Simon, will give the final concert of its seventh season on the evening of April 5 at Memorial Con-

The organization will have the assistance of a piano and string trio, composed of Lenore Baker, plano; Samuel Korman, violin, and Richard Lorleberg, cello. Mrs. Otto T. Simon and George H. Wilson will be the accompanists.

A musicale was given at the Home Club last Monday evening, the artists being Mrs. Hugh A. Brown, senance. Miss. Nan Field. contralto: Mrs. James J. Loving, planist: Paul Koester. violincellist, and Mrs. E. Bruce Smith. Mrs. Grace Dufour Brown, George Wilson, and Howard T. Wood, accompanists.

Sacred Concert Today.

At the Scottish Rite Temple this afternoon, at 5 o'clock, the triple quartet of the Church of the Covenant, under the direction of Sydney Lloyd Wrightson, with Harvey Murray at the organ, will give the following sacred program before the lowing sacred program before the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives: Organ prelude, "Romance," Lemare; "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour, Dear," Bullard; "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters," Bischoff: "Blessed Jeaus, Feunt of Mercy," (Stabat Mater), Dvorak; "Ninety-first Failm," MacDermid; "The Earth Is the Lord's," La Forge; "Sefore the Crucifix," La Forge; "Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley, Stevenson; organ postiude, "March Militatre," Behubert-Hest.

Miss Alleta Hanon, pianist, played on Wednesday evening at the meet-ing of the Peabody Club. New members were received during the business meeting. Miss Marie Hauser has charge of the program for the meeting on April 12.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE

By FREDERICK LEWIS, Author of "What Happened to Mary"-Pictures by Essanay

Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters. Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the
murder of David Fellock and is defended
by her lover. Philip Langdon. Policek
was intoxicated. At Mary's trial she admits she had the revolver. Her maid tratifies that Mary threatened Policek with
it previously, and Mary's leading man
implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a
mystery. Brandon tells of a strange
hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder.
Further evidence shows that horror of
drink produces temporary 'nsanity in
Mary. The defense is 'repressed psychosis.' Witnesses described Mary's
flight from her intoxicated father and her
father's suicide. Nurse Walton describes
the kidnaping of Mary by Pollock, and
Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to
become an actress, and of Polock's pursuit of her and of another occasion when
the smell of liquor drove Mary insane.
There is evidence that Daniels. Mary's
mansger, threatened Pollock. Hary fathts
on the stand, and again goes insane when
a policeman offers her whisky.

CHAPTER X.

Pollock's Threat. HE green shaded lamp flung wide pool of mellow light over

wide pool of mellow light over the scattered capers on the table of the scattered capers on the folded arms sunk in ineffable it were increased. The scattered capers of the scattered capers of

For the first time since Mary's attack of madness in the bourt room he realized fully how tremendous an asset the tragedy was to the defense, and in spile of his griefs as a lover, over her suffering, the lawyer in him exulted in the episode which cemended with characteristic place the cornerations of his case. The thought of this lent a hist of buoyancy to his tired body as he made another trip to the cell where, at Dr. Footer's orders, they had carried Mary, still screaming with frensy. But it appears to tell and wouldn't accept service of the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for the frage in overwheening anxiety and pily for the frage in the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for the frage in the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for her father's sin of druit the law, but what his with the law had a law that he had to tell wouldn't do had been her asked the door and all thought as the hist of the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for the flaw but the law, but what his with the law, but the law, but what his with said when you heard the short? Answer: Yes, I ran bang into Daniels of the caught at my arm but the orner which the sound came to tell and wouldn't accept service of the submit of the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for the law, but the law, but what his wite said of the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for the law, but what his wite said of the trial were submerged in an overwheening anxiety and pily for the law but the law, but the law the law that he had to tell wouldn't do law that had the law that he had to tell

is now sleeping soundly. There's nothing to worry about at least, not just at present.

"Thank God!" Langdon's voice broke on the words, and Dr. Foster put out his hand and patted the shoulder of the younger man reassuringly, saying:

"We all say that, but you'd better go get some reest now; you look done up."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Langdon.

"But, doctor, is she—is it going to be possible to go on with this trial Can Mary bear it?"

"I' think so." The answer came slow-ly. "Of course yesterday's scene was bad, very bad. But you must realize that the attack, while it was plainly due to the whisky thrust upon her, was only to some extent brought about by the fact that the liquor was handed her at a time when she was hysterical and had been re-enacting events that kept her earlier experiences constantly in her mind. Given healthy surroundings and happiness, I wouldn't worry about attacks in the future. But it's a fine reflection upon an American city," he continued harshly, drawing Langdon out into the hall so as not to wake Mary. "A fine thing when it is impossible to keep ONE woman from the sight of drunken men and the smell of liquor."

Langdon nodded absently, for his heart was echoing the earlier words of the great allenist: "Given healthy surroundings and happiness I wouldn't worry about attacks in the future," and he was vowing to himself that, cost what it might, he would yet win freedom and happiness for her.

He had not dared hone that she would be well enough for the trial to continue for some days at least, but when she woke a few hours later she wowed she was perfectly able to zo into court even then. And so, no more than an hour late, the proceedings were continued.

That hour had seemed a very short time to Mary and to Langdon, but it

That hour had seemed a very short time to Mary and to Langdon, but it was a very long one to the excital spectators who crowded the rooms to the doors, whispering excited reminiscences of the day before. the doors, whispering excited reminiscences of the day before.

Whatever doubts had lingered in the minds of the public as to the veracity and the strength of the defense built up by Langdon had been shattered at one blow. For Mary, as everyone said, might indeed have been actress enough to feign madness at the sight of the drunken policeman, but she could not have feigned that great bruise on her shoulder. The shadow of the gripping hand with those livid scars beneath it told mutely of how the cruel fingers had torn into the tender fesh.

The newspaper bearing Dr. Foater's article on "Repressed Psychosis" which the district attorney had so sarcastically introduced as evidence had been pored over by every juryman, and from coast to coast the dramatic story of the scene in court was the one subject at the breakfast tables of rich and poor alike.

It seemed incredible to those who had

at the breakfast tables of rich and poor alike.

It seemed incredible to those who had watched the frenzied, screaming woman carried out the day before that she could eve regain her sanity. When she came in, very pale, very wan, but serenely calm and smiling, nothing but the fear of being shut out from the final scenes of the great drama kent the crowds from wild applause.

The prosecutor alone did not look at her. He felt at that moment almost as if he hated her with personal vindictiveness. For he, too, had had an all-night vigit, seeking some ruse or legal

liveness. For he, too, had had an allnight vigil, seeking some ruse or legal
technicality that would keep the events
of the day before out of the records
of the case. He knew only too well
that any jury, having seen Mary's
seizure, would be readily convinced
that she might have suffered in the
same fashion on the night when David

Pollock was killed, and that if they were convinced of that, proving Mary's arrows and some still was going to be the hardest structure and the still was going to be the hardest structure. The court was going to be the hardest structure with the court and not me personally. I request, your honor, that the name Mr. Eville was going to be the hardest structure. With weariness and floubly angry because, try as he would, he could not nimself shake off the tenacious memory of that white, shrinking shoulder with the days that white, shrinking shoulder with its dread scars marring the flesh with the days will be the structure with the structure with the structure was an expensive the structure with the structure was an expensive when his honor interest has been a was the same of the spectators became open disorder. The willows and he was conscious of that himself. Therefore it came as no surprise when it was at a structure was a surprise when it was at tast brought summarily to an end by his bidge, who ordered the testimony in the structure was a surprise when it was at tast brought summarily to an end by his bidge, who ordered the testimony in the structure was a surprise when it was at tast brought summarily to an end by his bidge, who ordered the testimony in the structure was a surprise when it was at tast brought summarily to an end by his bidge, who ordered the testimony in the structure was a surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the structure was a surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the surprise when it was at the season of the testimony in the surprise was a surprise with the surprise was a surprise with the surprise was a surprise with the surprise was a surprise was a surprise with the surprise was a surprise was a surprise was a surprise

enness.

Mary berself was sleeping soundly when he glanced into the cell, and Dr. Foster was on his feet, frankly stretching, while Miss Walton was bathing her tired eyes at the basin in the corner. Both greeted him with a smile, and, answering the question in his eyes rather than the one he huskily whispered with his lips. Dr. Foster said:

"She will be all right now. She woke, conscious, just after your last visit and is now sleeping soundly. There's nothing to worry about at least, not just at present."

"Thank God!" Langdon's voice broke on the words, and Dr. Foster put out his hand and patted the shoulder of the younger man reassuringly, saying:
"We all say that, but you'd better go get some rest now; you look done up."
"Oh, I'm all right," said Langdon."
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don asked:

"Did Miss Page know of this?"

"Of course not. I told her that I had seen her work in stock and thought she was a good actress. It was true enough so far as that goes, but her contract was all made out before she and her mother came down to see me."

"What agreement did you have with Mr Pollock regarding his attention to Miss Page?"

"None. That wasn't my business. That was up to him. All I asked was fair play, and that he should stick to me even if Miss Page turned him down. I knew she didn't like him, and I thought she might, even if he was backing her. I wanted a written agreement, but he wouldn't give it to me. He just said he'd do his share, whatever happened."

"Isn't it true that you had a quarrel with Mr. Pollock as early in your partnership as the day Miss Page signed her contract?"

"Yes, it's true. Dave was mad because you had been called in by Miss Fage to look over her contract. He said you were butting in where Miss Page was concerned, and he wanted me to keep you away from the theater."

Langdon flushed and frowned.

to keep you away from the theater.

Langdon flushed and frowned.
"Please remember, Mr. Daniels," he said, harshiy. "that you are addressing

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusace did that quickly and completely cured me. Years

have passed and the rupture has never re-turned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to well, but will give full information about how you may

heard Mr. Pollock threaten to kill the defendant and himself. Will you tell the court when that threat was made and to whom?"

"It was made to me, on an occasion when I almost became an unwitting accomplice in a murder, during the rehearsals of "The Seckers"."

"Whose murder?"

hearsals of "The Seckers".

"Whose murder?"

"Mr. Langdon's."

A startled seb caught at Mary's throat at the words, and, lifting her head, she looked at Langdon with such an expression in her eyes that for a moment he forgot the court, the judge and the witness on the stand, and knew only, with a blinding rush of foy, that whatever happened—she loved him.

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would fi'ld give would not be seen to study them shallfully wowed a recess to study th

Hippodrome Theater 9th and K Sts. N. W.

TODAY

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That realization was surging through Mary herself at the moment, and she felt as if she were seeing him for the first time-truly and fairly. Herself fore he had been always the protector, always the brave and the strong, and the thought of him in peril, the unberlievable horror of the idea of harm coming to him shook her with a storm of intense emglion which found expression in the sudden flame of tenderness that leaped from her eyes to Langdon in the sudden flame of tenderness that leaped from her eyes to Langdon felt deep in his heart that is always the real keystone of a woman's deeper love came to the fore for the first time and was followed by a swift fierce gladness that David Pollock was dead! Whatever the tragedy and the suffering that enmeshed her, at least Fhilip was safe, and at the thought all the fear and the horror of the law left her. and she drew a long, he had come like a streak of sunshing through the dreary gloom of the court and come like a streak of sunshing through the dreary gloom of the court the

then with a sad little sol, she drew back.

"That's all such a long, long way in the future, Phil," she said wearily, "Oh, let's not even think of it. There are so many things in Descent."

"Dear!" he cried in sudden pity, and would have taken her in his arms again, but she shook her head and turned away, saying unsteadily:

"I-I think you'd better go now, please, Phil! I'm so tired."

"Of course," he answered quickly, contrition in his voice. "I was a brute to bother you now. Only, I wanted you to know, dear, that whatever happens my love is around you, and I will presented you—with my life, if need be." Catching up one of her slender little hands, he crushed it against his lips. Then he was gone.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

DANDRUFF OR HAIR



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